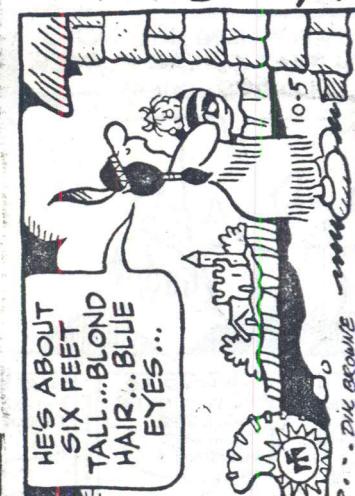
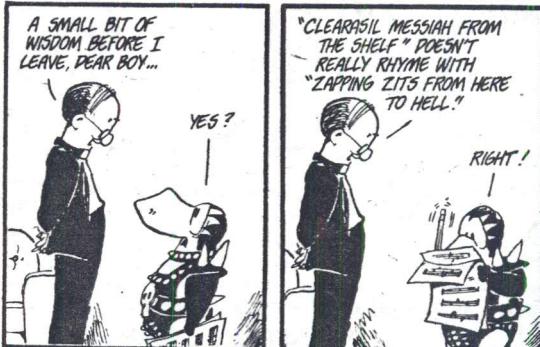
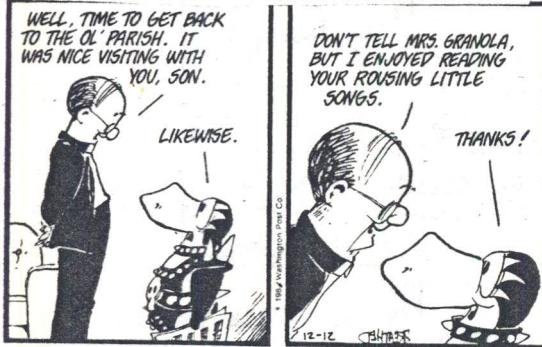
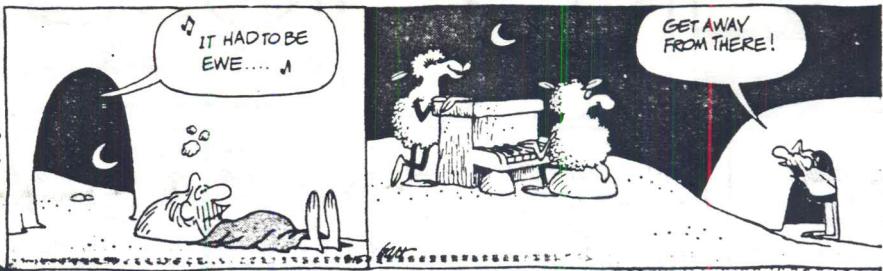
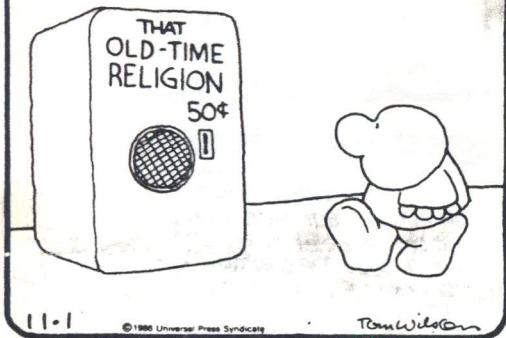


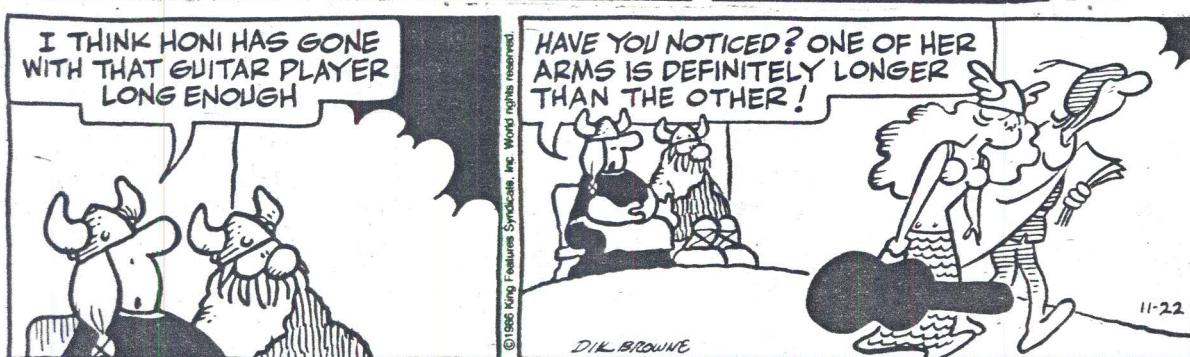
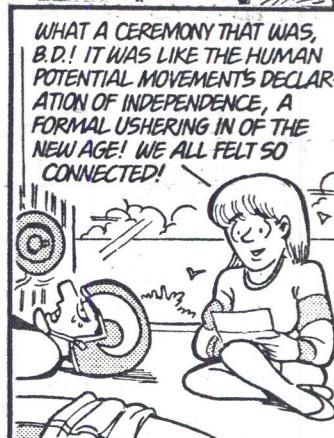
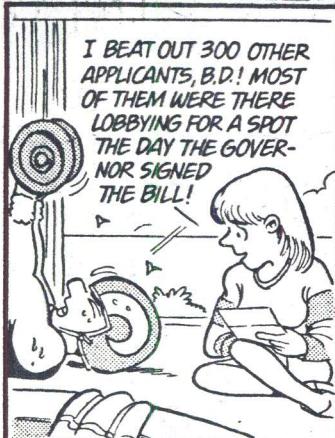
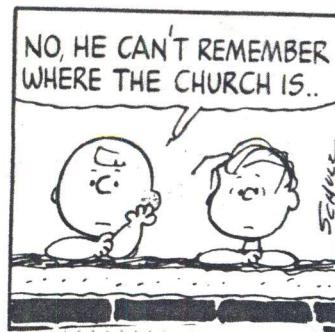
# APA - FILE

# 34

MAY 1  
A quarterly amateur press association for  
folk-singers and folk-singing.

MAY 1 1987





APA-Filk was founded by Robert Bryan Lipton and is edited by John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, NY 11226-5302. This is a generic cover, designed by the editor, to be hastily rubber-stamped with the date and number in case no other cover has been sent in for some future mailing.

The copy count for APA-Filk is 60. Mailings are on the first days of every February, May, August, and November.

★★★  
DEAR ABBY: There is so much talk of drunk driving and speeding, I thought the following might interest you:

**SING WHILE YOU DRIVE**

At 45 miles per hour sing, "Highways Are Happy Ways."

At 55 sing, "I'm but a Stranger Here, Heaven is My Home."

At 65 sing, "Nearer My God to Thee!"

At 75 sing, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There."

At 85 sing, "Lord, I'm Coming Home." — CAREFUL DRIVER

★★★

# ANAKREON

#34, APA-Filk Mailing #34

1 May 1987

EVIL EMPIRE, HERE I COME!

(Tune: "California, Here I Come!")

("Dr. Armand Hammer, the industrialist who sometimes knows a good deal about what's going on between the United States and the Soviet Union...said he believed Mikhail S. Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, would attend a summit meeting in the United States this year, and would be invited to address a joint session of Congress. Dr. Hammer, who has been dealing directly with Russian leaders since the days of Lenin, also predicted that there would be a nuclear arms reduction treaty between the two countries soon and that President Reagan would make a reciprocal visit to the Soviet Union in 1988..."  
- New York Times, 28 April 1987)

Evil Empire, here I come,  
I must prove that I'm not dumb.  
Name-calling and stalling once were my act.  
But trying beats dying - that's a fact and I'm not cracked.  
With those H-bombs going off,  
My head might be blowing off.  
Make a deal with Gorbachev!  
Evil Empire, here I come!

Evil Empire, here I go,  
My old friends are full of woe.  
My speeches and screeches no longer pass,  
I'm wheeling and dealing - lift a glass and save my ass.  
No one really wants to fry,  
So those missiles will not fly.  
No more talk of S. D. I. -  
Evil Empire, here I come!

Evil Empire, let us talk,  
Disappointing every Hawk.  
Campaigning and straining to win my race -  
That's over, I'm sober, saving face is no disgrace.  
Let's reduce the stockpile size,  
I don't want to carbonize,  
Jimma, I apologize!  
Evil Empire, here I come!

## TAMMY

by Arthur D. Hlavaty

(Tune: "Tammy")

She's stumbling, cursing, and tripping on rugs.  
 Tammy, Tammy, Tammy's on drugs.  
 It's gone on for so long that I'm going bugs.  
 Tammy, Tammy, Tammy's on drugs.

The problem continues; it gets out of hand.  
 Jessica, Jessica, she'll understand.  
 But now there's blackmail, and nasty demands.  
 Jimmy, Jimmy taking command.

There was a time it was fine  
 It was a success.  
 But now it smells; we need Falwell  
 To clean up the mess.

The whole country's laughing,  
 And I am the one.  
 Jesus, Jesus, what have I done?

(Arthur Hlavaty sent this, in Proper Verses #4, as a commentary on the current turmoil which has struck the Fundamentalist movement following revelations that Jim Bakker has been fooling around with a ~~scrappy~~ redhead from Queens named Jessica Hahn, while Bakker's wife Tammy has been taking drugs and maybe doing some fooling around of her own with a gospel singer. The Bakker ministry, called "PTL" for either "Praise the Lord" or "Pass the Loot", has been "taken over" by Jerry Falwell, who is on record as believing that the charismatic whoop-and-holler evangelism of the Bakkers is false doctrine. The tune is the theme song of a series of ~~inst~~pid 1950s movies starring first Debbie Reynolds and then Sandra Dee as Tammy. For further details on the scandal, which is engulfing more and more ministers with each edition of the paper, see your daily tabloids, who are calling it "Pearlygate". - JB)

## GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON, a quarterly amateur journal of filksinging, is published on the first days of February, May, August, and November by John Boardman, 23<sup>4</sup> East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. It circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association that is collated at the same address and schedule. The copy count for APA-Filk is 60. If you would like to get APA-Filk, just send a few dollars for postage and packing, and I'll keep you posted on the state of your account. (Envelopes are 15¢ each.) If you do not have your own printing facilities, I can print your contribution if you send it on mimeograph stencils that can fit on a Gestetner machine. Printing costs are 2¢ per sheet per copy. If you want copies of your own, over and above the 60 for APA-Filk, let me know and I'll send them to you along with your copy of each APA-Filk.

Including costs for the present (34th) Mailing, your balance is now \_\_\_\_\_. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are listed at the top of page 3.

In addition to members of APA-Filk, ANAKREON goes to all the people who get my science-fiction fanzine DAGON, and to a few other people who have asked for it, and to all contributors who don't get it under any other arrangement.

APA-Filk Cover #33 (Blackman): One of the risks of being very topical and up-to-date is that topical songs and illustrations age very fast. It has been said of scientific texts, and it is equally valid of topical humor, that if you try to bring it up to a date  $T - e$ , where  $T$  is the date of publication, it becomes obsolete at time  $T - e$ .

Mark's cover refers to the song that led off William Shatner's appearance on Saturday Night Live of 20 December 1986, and which appeared in that Mailing. This took place at about the same time as the release of the film Star Trek IV, with Kirk, Spock, and two humpback whales. (I just want to make the reference intel ligible to readers who come upon these Mailings a few years hence, by which time Lt. Col. Oliver North will either be as thoroughly forgotten as the principals of the "Watergate" scandals of 1972-74, or will have seized control of the U. S. government.)

DAGON #33 (me): I have had a lot of fun reading Mike Agranoff's "Da Battle of Trent'n" at various parties. Although I have lived in the east for 30 years, and in New York City for 26, neither my ear nor my tongue is capable of distinguishing New York City from New Jersey. I read it in a sort of generalized eastern urban dialect, which probably has more Brookl'n than Joisey in it.

Jersey Flats #10 (Rogow): "A Whaling Song" is just the right tune for a filksong version of Star Trek IV.

Once WBAI-FM played half an hour of old whaling shanties, and then announced: "Now we'll have equal time for the whales." They then proceeded to play half an hour of whale songs.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room Next Time (Middleton): In her book Southern Ladies and Gentlemen, Florence King has some hilarious comments about working on a small-town southern newspaper. By now, however, I imagine that Florence King is about as popular in the south as Garrison Keillor is in central Minnesota.

Baby-sitting at cons? Oh, yes! The con suite at Hexacon, in January, looked like a nursery school. Whenever we have a gathering of fans at our house, the little people are all over the place, our own grandson included.

Taking Notes (Joyce): Are there any filksongs based on C. J. Cherryh books? I fear I am not too well acquainted with her works. I read The Faded Sun: Kesrith and was turned off by her obvious enthusiasm for the war-loving mri people of her novel. I do not read science-fiction in order to admire the adulation of a military caste.

Of course, filking and parody have more obvious targets than Cherryh's works, or even Dickson's. One of these days, someone is going to do for Marion Zimmer Bradley's "Darkover" novels what Henry Beard and Doug Kenney did for J. R. R. Tolkien in Bored of the Rings.

Is the "Tanith" of Loscon the fantasy writer Tanith Lee? There aren't too many people around nowadays who are named after an ancient Carthaginian sex goddess.

I've never seen "The Band from Argo" either. Could someone put it into APA-Filk?

The Verse Adder Strikes Again #2 (Asbornsen): Franz Josef Haydn's pompous tune has had several different sets of words. Originally it was "Gott Erhältet uns'ren Kaiser" in honor of Kaiser Franz I of Austria. Then it became "Deutschland über Alles", an anthem of the Germans north of the Inn River, who wanted to break free of Kaiser Franz's empire and start one of their own. With still other words, it appears in some Protestant hymnals. And it is the tune of the alma mater hymns of Columbia and Pittsburgh Universities. Each Germany has today a different set of words to it, both altered from the old imperial days.

Thanks for the reviews of filk collections.

Harry Andruschak	-14¢
Paul Doerr	-50¢
Dave Klapholz	-62¢
Cheryl Lloyd	-98¢
Randall McDougall	-65¢
Dena Mussaf	-87¢
Mike Rubin	-42¢
Elliot Shorter	-\$2.00
Dana Snow	-15¢

This is  
 O At  
 P Great  
 E Intervals  
 R This  
 A Appears  
 T To  
 I Inflame  
 O Optic  
 N Nerves

## YESTERFILK

## XIII. Are You Ready for Another Round?

Lying around here for some time have been some verses filked by members of the Amefican Army of Occupation in the southern part of Vietnam. Now that the same sort of thing is about to be tried in Central America, they are probably worth reviving. The younger male readers of ANAKREON will go there, already familiar with songs that can be adapted to Central America, or maybe the Muddle East, with a minimum of effort, and they will thus be ahead of their comrades-in-arms who will have to start from rest.

Unfortunately, the cover letter (with the sender's signature) long ago got separated from the verses, so I fear I cannot credit them until a later ANAKREON when (I hope) I will have learned it. The footnotes are the contributor's.

(Tune: "On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away")

When the lice are in the rice along the Mekong,<sup>1</sup>  
And ol' Charlie's in there shooting at you,<sup>2</sup>  
You can bet your ass I won't be there beside you.  
I'll be shacking with your co<sup>3</sup> in old Pleiku.<sup>4</sup>

When the moon is shining bright on dear ol' Trung Lap,<sup>5</sup>  
And the VC<sup>6</sup> are swarming down on you,  
You can bet your sweet ol' ass I won't be with ya,  
I'll be back in Saigon with Madame Nhu.<sup>7</sup>

(Tune: Unknown)

Here the pitter-patter  
Of little feet.  
It's the First Cav Division<sup>8</sup>  
In full retreat.

I was landin' on a paddy, thought I had it made,  
Until a friendly farmer threw a hand grenade --  
I'm movin' on; I'm movin' on.

Convoy flyin' through Man Gian Pass:<sup>9</sup>  
Play the Purple Heart Boogie on the Air Cav's<sup>10</sup> ass.  
I'm movin' on, I'm movin' on.

- 1 - The Mekong River Delta region of South Vietnam, operational area of the 9th U. S. Infantry Division.
- 2 - "Charlie," short for "Victor Charlie" (see note 16)
- 3 - "Co" = cô, Vietnamese for an unmarried woman; a young unmarried woman. Used here as a synonym for girlfriend.
- 4 - Pleiku, a town in Pleiku Province, South Vietnam, in the South Vietnam Central Highlands.
- 5 - Trung Lap, a South Vietnamese Ranger training center located near Saigon. I first heard this version in Saigon in 1962.
- 6 - VC = Viet Cong; see note 16 below.
- 7 - Madame Nhu, wife of Ngo Dinh Nhu; brother of Ngo Dinh Diem, president of South Vietnam until his assassination in 1963; she was at the same time corrupt and puritanical, sometimes known as a "dragon lady".
- 8 - Reference is to the 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Division. Cf. "Bugout Boogie" of the 2nd Infantry Division of the Korean War days.
- 9 - Probably Mang Yang Pass, northwest of An Khe, the base camp of the 1st Cav. Div. in the South Vietnamese Central Highlands, almost due east of Pleiku.
- 10 - "Air Cav" = 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Division, U. S. Army.

(Tune: "The Man Who Never Returned")

Let me tell you of a Cong<sup>11</sup> by the name of Charlie  
On that tragic and fatal day.  
He put ten rounds in his pocket, kissed his wife and family,  
And went out to zap the A. R. A.<sup>12</sup>

But did he ever return? No, he never returned,  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He may run forever through the trackless jungles.  
He's the Cong who never returned.

Charlie handed in his rifle at the An Khe<sup>13</sup> station  
And he turned into a refugee.  
When he got there the boss man told him, "One day's labor,"  
And he gave him only fifty pee.<sup>14</sup>

Now Charlie's wife went down to the airstrip  
One day at quarter past three,  
And from the open chopper she pulled Charlie to safety  
And they infiltrated Plei Mei.<sup>15</sup>

But did he ever return? No, he never returned,  
And his fate is still unlearned.  
He may run forever through the trackless jungles;  
He's the Cong who never returned.

(Tune: "Rock of Ages")

Victor Charlie<sup>16</sup> -- At Plei Me,  
Threw a hand grenade at me.  
So I caught it, in my palm,  
Threw it back, and he was gone.  
Victor Charlie, at Plei Me,  
Thanks a lot, you S. O. B.

The game of catch with hand grenades has been reported from every war in which they have been used, beginning with the German "potato masher" grenades in World War I. Sometimes they would go back and forth several times before exploding.

11 - "Cong" = short for "Viet Cong", a corruption of the official title of the Front for the Liberation of South Vietnam, or the National Liberation Front.

12 - "A. R. A." = "aerial rocket artillery", or helicopter gunships.

13 - An Khe, the base camp of the 1st Air Cav Division in the South Vietnam Central Highlands, northwest of Qui Non, South Vietnam.

14 - "pee" = the South Vietnamese piaster or dong. The exchange rate between the piaster and the US dollar fluctuated throughout the war years, especially on the black market, but it was usually fixed at 73:1.

15 - "Plei Mei" = the site of a U. S. Special Forces camp in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam, the site of the first use of B-52 bombers in direct support of ground troops as they relieved the camp in November 1965.

16 - "Victor Charlie" = phonetic alphabet for the letters "VC", the universal acronym for the Viet Cong.

## GRACELESS NOTES

For the past several months I have been collecting letters, notes, clippings, and other brief items for inclusion in whatever issue of ANAKREON can accomodate them. By now, this is quite an accumulation, by no means in order. Nor will they be printed in any kind of order. I am just going to pick them up one by one, look them over, make such comments as seem appropriate, and then throw them away.

\*

Unless large numbers of 'zines come in at the last minute, this will be a rather thin Mailing of APA-Q. I am going to resist the temptation to comment on other 'zines in this Mailing in this issue of ANAKREON. It would save time and fill up space, but I have an unfair advantage in being the person who collects the pages before the Mailing goes out. Years ago, I commented in APA-Q on other 'zines in that same Distribution, and other members indicated that they didn't like it.

At present I am not certain whether I will be attending Musecon next weekend in Delaware. However, I regret that other commitments will prevent Roberta Rogow from attending. I had a rather hectic and abbreviated Lunacon, and missed the filksinging there, and Roberta's filksings are considerably better than most.

And that is as far as I will go in commenting on other parts of this APA-Q. Except, of course, for the cover, which will probably be a generic collage of my own design. In APA-Q I have noticed that, whenever I put up a collage cover in APA-Q, for the next few Distributions other members send in covers lest my collages be used again. One look at a generic Boardman collage on APA-Filk, and I am certain that other members will come through with at least a year's worth of covers of their own, and superior, designs.

If there isn't a collage cover on this issue of APA-Filk, then you'll know that some kind and creative soul did come through at the last minute with a cover to keep this disaster from occurring.

\*

Only William Shakespeare plays a bigger role in the popular drama of the English-speaking countries than do William Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. And Gilbert & Sullivan have frequently been drawn upon for filking. In fact, there is a production of The Mikado presently on stage that some hostile critics have been calling overly filked, though they did not use the word. But The Mikado is over a century old, and the topical satire is rather dated. The members of the Lord High Executioner's Little List, and the crimes which the Mikado wants to fit with punishments, need changing. And so this production, according to Leslie Bennetts in the New York Times, includes such items in the Little List as:

"Joggers with their Walkmans who ignore you when they run  
And Coke and Pepsi challengers who think they're having fun...  
Security advisers who don't tell the boss enough  
But they got the Contras' money selling off that extra stuff..."

The lyrics and spoken lines also have references to Dr. Ruth Westheimer, American Express, Jane Fonda, Joan Rivers, Dear Abby, and telephone beepers. Local productions vary; a reference to Senator Barbara Mikulski for a Maryland production was changed to Mayor Henry W. Maier when it moved to Milwaukee. "Such moments of glory may be fleeting indeed," writes Bennetts. "George Bush, who was mentioned in the lyrics used in Washington, has already been displaced by a reference to 'Jim and Tammy, and Jimmy and Jerry and 'ral!'"

\*

Redd Boggs comments on the collage cover of ANAKREON #29 that "'Peter and the Wolf' is one of my pet abominations, along with 'The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra', both usually rendered by some awful commentator with a highbrow swishy accent. ('Rendered' in the sense of converting to oil and fertilizer.) Without the commentary, I can just barely stand to hear either composition, but not if I can't

off the radio."

Once Walt Disney did an animated version of "Peter and the Wolf", though you won't see it now. You won't see it because Peter is portrayed as a fearless Russian lad, and it has been a long, long time since it has been considered fashionable to give Russian heroes to America's children.

\*

We normally don't think of George and Ira Gershwin as satirists of politics or other ideas. Yet their 1930 musical Of Thee I Sing, and its sequel Let 'Em Eat Cake, load on the satire, and the former would be appropriate today. Wintergreen, a presidential candidate, decided to propose to his secretary in every one of the then-48 states, for, as one of the songs said, "Love Is Sweeping the Country". "How long have you been with me?" he asks her at one point. "I've been with you ever since your first indictment," she replies. Wintergreen's running mate, whose name no one can remember, is Alexander W. Throttlebottom, a symbol for all the Daweses, Clarkes, Garners, Barkleys, Agnews, Mondales, and other elevated non-entities who have occupied that office.

(Dave Schwartz has informed me that at one time a film version of Of Thee I Sing was in the planning stage, starring the Marx Brothers. This triggers an avalanche of speculation: Groucho as Wintergreen, Thelma Todd as his sweetheart, Harpo as Throttlebottom, and Chico and Zeppo as two of the obligatory ethnic political leaders of whom the line is sung:

"He's the man we can't refuse.  
Loves the Irish\* and the Jews..."

The failure of this project is a matter for real regret.)

Let 'Em Eat Cake was less successful. It assumes that Wintergreen was defeated for re-election, and started a "Fascist" movement characterized by identically colored shirts, and rhetoric borrowed from contemporary European Fascism. But by this time the New Deal was beginning to make real and generally perceived improvements in America's economic plight, and satire on political action had gone out of fashion.

In 1933 the Gershwin's wrote Pardon My English, and recently among Ira's papers there surfaced the following lyrics:

"Freud and Jung and Adler"

If a person starts to quiver  
Through cirrhosis of the liver,  
We can't be bothered with that sort  
of thing at all;

But how eagerly do we go  
To an egg who has an ego  
Or a brain that's scrambled 'way  
beyond recall.

We don't cure appendicitis  
Or the mumps or laryngitis.  
That is not the kind of service that we  
sell;

But we're always on location  
When it's mental aberration,  
For that plays twice as well,  
You must know that when a  
Doctor's from Vienna  
That pays twice as well.

CHORUS:

Doctor Freud and Jung and Adler, Adler and Jung and Freud  
Six psychoanalysts, we!  
Just let us make one diagnosis -  
We'll know vas los is!  
Doctor Freud and Jung and Adler, Adler and Jung and Freud.  
Visiting hourse, nine to three.

\* - In this case, Italians.

If you ever have the dream that Mrs. Grundy's  
 Always keeping her eye on you on Sundays  
 And you suddenly find you're standing in your undies -  
 We are positive that you had better see  
 Doctor Freud and Jung and Adler, Adler and Jung and Freud -  
 Six sex psychos, we!

\*

Would you believe Kirk Douglas as a singer? "'I've made 76 movies and I sang in only a few of them," he told Bob Greene. (New York Daily News, 2 March 1987) He graduated from playing heavies when he took the role of the Canadian harpooner Ned Land in the 1954 movie version of 20,000 Leagues under the Sea, and he feels that it was this film that made him a star. On 1 March, the movie showed over the Walt Disney Sunday Movie - and they cut out his song "Whale of a Tale". Greene resented this tampering with a classic, and so did Douglas, now 68, when he heard the news. "And then, in the middle of our conversation," Greene reports, "Kirk Douglas did something that will stay with me forever. He sang 'Whale of a Tale' to me over the telephone."

Don't tamper with the classics.

\*

What can be done about the population explosion, premarital sex, and the risk of disease? Well, in Mexico they're trying popular music.

No - I'm not kidding. In the New York Times of 3 March, Larry Rohter reports from Mexico City that Tatiana Palacios and Johnny Lozada Correa have made "When We're Together" the most popular song in Mexico. This song and their "Restrain Yourself" are a plea for pre-marital abstinence. The former song has sold 500,000 copies in Mexico alone and is at the top of the chart in 17 Spanish-speaking nations.

Where did "When We're Together" come from? Well, it seems that the U. S. Agency for International Development (AID) gave a \$300,000 grant "intended to help curb teenage pregnancies throughout Latin America". The name of the game is apparently "Just Say No!" because "in a region where the Roman Catholic Church is an important political and social force, any advocacy of contraception or condoning\* of pre-marital sex in the songs would have aroused opposition." So, the money got this song written.

AID's last big project, you may remember, was as a front for CIA operations in southeast Asia. Does anyone remember how that one came out?

Meanwhile, Tipper Gore's husband has announced his candidacy for the presidency of the United States. How do you like the picture of Tipper, sitting in the White House, translating these songs into English?

\*

Does anyone remember "Yma Sumac"? Her high, clear voice has been recording songs from the Andes for four decades now. "When she arrived in 1950, Sumac became the object of the most exotic publicity campaign ever dreamed up by the Hollywood hype machine. She was, press agents said, an Inca princess and priestess." (New York Post, 17 February 1987) Yet, at the time of her first celebrity, people said that if you spelled her name backwards she proved to be Amy Camus, a nice Jewish girl from Brooklyn. Harrington doesn't believe it. I am not so sure.

\*

Military filk is a very old art, but military filk by women is something new. Still, the following verses have been reported from a female Marines' boot camp:

I saw a bird with a yellow bill  
 Sitting on my windowsill.  
 I coaxed him in with a piece of  
 bread -

And then I crushed his little head.  
 A mean marine -  
 A lean marine!  
 I guess I'm just a mean marine!

(New York Times, 14 November 1985) The original is, of course, that doggerel that begins "A birdie with a yellow bill, Hopped upon my windowsill..." I have no idea who

\* - I originally misprinted this word as "condoming" - which may have been the right idea in the first place.

wrote it, but if it turns out to have been James Whitcomb Riley or Edgar A. Guest, I would not be in the least surprised.

However, this folksong came to the view of Peter A. A. Berle, who not only has a heap of highly useful connections in Washington but was also president of the half-million members of the National Audubon Society. As Sir Compton MacKenzie realized in his last "Todday" novel, Rockets Galore, the bird-watchers' lobby is virtually the only one that can take on the armed forces and win. Berle hit the panic button, and got a letter off to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, General Paul X. Kelley. He first established his bonesfides by citing his own military record, and then complained: "Idolizing people who squash birds' heads is not consistent with the goals of the National Audubon Society" and "may not even be in the best interests of the United States Marine Corps." Furthermore, "advocacy of unsportsmanlike hunting techniques was not necessary to instill pride or toughness in troops." General Kelley knew when he was beaten. He assured Berle that "We do not condone such actions...you can bet your bottom dollar that you won't hear the women marines singing that song again."

Since then, of course, it appears that the U. S. Marines have been involved in quite other activities than killing little birdies. After certain current practices have been reformed, it may be that these women may even find themselves, in dress blues, standing guard at the U. S. Embassy in Moscow. All the little zyabliki and repolovi will be safe, but there's always the possibility that handsome young cos-sacks might get late-night guided tours through the building.

\*

National anthems, including ours, are a perpetual topic of discussion and controversy. In September 1985, New York Yankee fans disgraced themselves by booing the singing of the Canadian National Anthem before a Yankee Stadium game with the Toronto Bluejays. (At the time, the two teams were both contending for the pennant.) A formal apology was delivered by our Ambassador in Ottawa. And even Yankee owner George Steinbrenner called it an "exhibition of bad taste" - and this comes from a man who has an intimate acquaintance with bad taste.

However, neither country is really happy with its national anthem. The original French version of "O Canada" boasts about carrying the sword and the cross, while the English version repeats to stupefaction the words "We stand on guard for thee." Something a little less military, it is felt, might be more appropriate.

Meanwhile, the question of whether the U. S. National Anthem ought to be replaced is still a lively political one. Representative Andrew Jacobs Jr. (Dem., Ind.) says he is meeting a demand from his constituents in asking that "The Star-Spangled Banner" be replaced with "America the Beautiful". The Republican candidate for this post is apparently "The Stars and Stripes Forever", as proposed by Repr. James H. Quillen (Rep., Tenn.). A compromise may be emerging from Repr. E. de la Garza (Dem., Texas), who wants to keep "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the national anthem and make "America the Beautiful" the national song. (Irvin Molotsky, New York Times, 9 March 1987) Quillen wants also a national march. The precedent has apparently been set, as with so many things in our national life, by the state of Massachusetts, which has both a state song and a state folk song.

One of Repr. Jacobs' talking points for "America the Beautiful" is that it is "home-grown" (rather than being to the tune of a British or German drinking song like "The Star-Spangled Banner" or "America") and that it is "about the American people." In a letter to the New York Times on 29 March 1987, James Holmes protests that it is neither. "The music is an 1882 arrangement of the final chorus of Gallia, an 1871 composition by the Frenchman Charles Gounod, done by Samuel A. Ward, a musical hack who never wrote a melody of this own." And the words do not describe people but are, as a disapproving editorial in the New York Post pointed out, "an inventory of real estate".

\*

The Good Coffeehouse will, until the beginning of summer, be continuing in opera-

## "THERE'S ONE AT EVERY FILKSING\*

by Sherna Comerford and Lee Burwasser

(Tune: "A Riddle")

My hearers kind, fain would I know  
what thing it is that none desire?  
From which distractions countless flow,  
to rouse the gathered listeners' ire.

CHORUS: With a humble-dum, grumble-dum,  
humble-dum **hey**;  
Humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum **hey**.

A smoke, or drink, it needs to hold  
when hearing songs of warriors bold.  
If none is nigh, it flaps about,  
and puts the minstrel's mood to rout.

CHORUS:

There is a time to sing along,  
and time to heed the maestro's song.  
In silence or with lifted voice,  
at least forswear competing noise.

CHORUS:

It knows the history of each song,  
and must expound it to the throng.  
Great homage to the minstrel brings,  
but will not hush and let him sing.

CHORUS:

Should it be strangled with a string?  
'Twould be a sweet and fitting thing.  
An ending of a proper sort --  
but then the lute would be one short.

CHORUS:

Perhaps itself to strings be cut?  
There's always need for new kit-gut.  
A sweet and fitting end 'twould be --  
but would the strings keep on the key?

CHORUS:

Should it be smashed against a wall:  
a warning left for one and all?  
Or shall we out a window fling?  
'Twould be the neatest, simplest thing.

CHORUS:

## THE NASTY KLINGON

by J. P. Hardin\*\*

(Tune: "The Good Old Rebel")

Oh, I'm a nasty Klingon, now that's just what I am.  
And for your Federation, I do not care a damn.  
I'll always fight against it, and every time I've won.  
And I won't accept a pardon, 'cause you Earthers all are scum.

I hate your damned Starfleet, and everything they do.  
And I hate the Enterprise with its entire crew.  
As for James T. Kirk with all his compassionate fuss,  
I'll kill him with my bare hands, and that's not slow enough.

Yes, I'm a nasty Klingon and I do not give a damn.

\* - This came in untitled. This is my own addition; anyone with a better idea may feel free to use it instead.

\*\* - This has been lying around for a couple of years, and I don't know Hardin's address. If anyone can provide it, I'll be able to send him a copy.

## PHILCON REPORT

an account in verse of the 1986 PhilCon

by Lee Burwasser

(Tune: "It Takes a Worried Man to Sing a Worried Song")

A

CHORUS: It takes a filkin' fan to sing a PhilCon song.

D

A

It takes a filkin' fan to sing a PhilCon song,

It takes a filkin' fan to sing a PhilCon song.

E7

A

PhilCon now -- Been filkin' all night long.

Put us between the gamers and the Operations Room.

Put us between the gamers and the Operations Room.

Put us between the gamers and the Operations Room.

How who can sing -- in the midst of a sonic boom?

(Subsequent verses are to the same pattern.)

CHORUS:

Moved across the lobby, gotta clean up when we're done (3X)  
That's no way to stay -- until the last dog's hung.

CHORUS:

Bardic circle here, hymnal singing over there (3X)  
Just walk around --- How the hell should I know where?

CHORUS:

Star Trek and a BayFilk songbook, get 'em before they're gone. (3X)  
Close the huckster room -- The hucksters huck right on.

CHORUS:

I've heard that tune before, about a sailor on the sea. (3X)  
Could be bugger-all. -- But it's all Greek to me.

CHORUS:

Lead on "Ball of SunCon", a song I've never heard. (3X)  
Nobody else there -- knew the tune to "K'ernoor"."

CHORUS:

The author sends along the following comments on the verses:

CHORUS: I don't apologize.

1. And we complain about hotel blocking.

2. They let us move into a function room that, strictly speaking, wasn't in the contract. So we had to put it back exactly as it was afterward. This meant clean up and go while we still had enough people to do it, which kinda finished the session.

3. Saturday night was Crystal's notion, bardic circle and hymnal sing simultaneously. Next time we'll just sit each one where the other one is.

4. What more to say?
5. Athelstan singing "Greek Sailor" -- in Greek.
6. Jordin Kare had the words (69 verses, of which he culled the best dozen) and I knew the tune. (I now know two different spellings; this is the Agnlicised one.)

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 9)

tion every Friday night at the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park West, from 9 PM on. Upcoming programs are:

3 May: Bobbie Wayne, "originals, traditional Celtic and contemporary music...plays dulcimer, guitar...and is a born storyteller who charms her audience."

15 May: David Jones, "Songs and stories of the British Isles...accomplished teller of jokes and stories."

22 May: Nelson Adler, "plays conga, dembek, guitar and bazouki in styles ranging from folk to spiritual to rock."

5 June: Doug Berch, "plays hammer and Appalachian dulcimer, sings, tells stories & jokes and hides from the men in the white coats."

12 June: Open Stage. "The first 8 new performers to sign up will be given 15 minutes each to do their thing."

Admission is \$4. After 12 June the coffeehouse closes until September.

\*

There will be more time to prepare the August issue of **ANAKREON**, and more space in it, so I hope by then to get caught up with songs that have been sent in, and also with Items I have been saving for mention in this column. Some of the songs have been sitting around here for a year or two, and have been put away in haste and thus got separated from their cover letters and in many cases from the names or addresses of their contributors. If you want to send in something for printing in **ANAKREON**, make sure your name and address are on the same piece of paper as the song itself.

Sol Weber's "Passin' Through" (the sequel) was sent in with the music already on it. Since I have no facilities for copying and printing it, I just ran up copies by photoduplication, and it appears in this mailing. It is Copyright 1986 and used by his permission.

Someone whose name didn't stick with the songs gave me a copy of a now-rare song-sheet of Star Trek folksongs headed Songfest Songs. There are 8 pages including such classics as "There's an Amoeba", "A Most Illogical Song", "Egoboo" "The Yeoman's Anthem", and "Those Were the Days". I should guess that it dates from the middle 1970s. I am mulling over whether to stat them for a future APA-Filk, or whether they are already sufficiently well-known, or maybe copyrighted.

**ANAKREON #34**

John Boardman  
234 East 19th Street  
Brooklyn, New York  
11226-5302

F I R S T   C L A S S   M A I L

"First to fight for right  
and freedom,  
And to keep our honor clean..."

# "PASSIN' THROUGH" (The Sequel)

An affectionate parody, based on  
the grand old traditional song  
(pick your own favorite key)  
by SOL WEBER ©1986

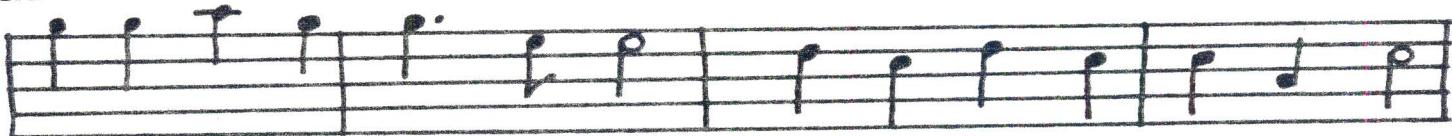


1. Lu-cy Stone's a fe-min-ist, I. F. Stone, he <sup>would</sup> be missed;
2. — Now Ed-ward Dur-rell Stone is an arch-i-tect well-known,
3. — Oh, Irv-ing Stone one night (of) Mi-chel-an-ge-lo did write
4. Well, it's time to end this song, it's al-re-a-dy much too long,

VERSE 2



1. there's the Rol-ling Stones, stone soup and Stone-henge, too —
2. and his buil-dings are sur-passed by ve-ry few
3. a-bout a-go-ny and ecs-ta-sy —, too —
4. but I think I'll add an-oth-er stone or two —,



1. The Ro-set-ta Stone's the key to our an-cient his-to-ry
2. He's one Stone who's might-y clever and his name may live for-ever
3. — Now, Irv-ing Stone can say (that) ecs-ta-sy will make his day
4. Dan-ny Fish-er, you'll re-call, had a stone that caused his fall



1. (but) I'm a kid-ney stone and on-ly pas-sin' thru-
2. (but me,) I'm just a kid-ney stone and on-ly pas-sin' thru.
3. (but) I'm the stone that's a-go-ny while pas-sin' thru.
4. let's just hope that stones will ne-ver trouble you.

CHORUS



Pas-sin' thru, pas-sin' thru. Some-times pur-ple, some-times blue,



Sad that I ran in-to you. I'm a kid-ney stone and on-ly pas-sin' thru.



JERSEY FLATS #11 ..... May 1987  
Edited, Written, and paid for by Roberta Rogow, Other Worlds Books, P.O. Box 1124,  
Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410-1124. Printed on The Infernal Machine.  
\*\*\*\*\*

When last we left Roberta Rogow, she was sitting on her assets, wondering where the next 'zine was going to come from. Well....wonder no more. I got a new job, after a mere four weeks of hysterical looking, in Union Public Library...no, not Union City which is another place entirely. I'm back where I belong, in the Children's Room, doing my schtik, telling stories, offering book readers' advisory, cataloging...the whole schmeer. Except that in this library I will not be faced with the double temptations of a private office and a free typewriter. Ergo...I cannot do Fan-Ac on Company Time, which is basically what got me canned from the last job.

More domestic Rogow news: My daughter Miriam is taking off, leaving the nest, flying to the San Francisco Bay Area in search of fame, fortune, and a travel agency job ( some of our Family Connections have already gotten her interviews...no, not THAT Family!) Anyone seeking a young, non-smoking room-mate, or anyone who knows of a place for her to lay her sleeping bag until she finds a few square feet of her own can contact her through me....Yes, I know she's a big girl now, but I'm enough of a Jewish Mama to worry about her well-being.

The Rogow Car Fleet has been increased by one Mercury Cougar, 1976, bright red, titled: The Red Baron. The Baron joins "Yehudi" ( '78 Toyota with nearly 200,000 miles on it), "Sunny" (the one that lost its transmission last year, bright yellow/cream Malibu), and "The Purple People Eater" (humongous maroon station wagon, falling apart at the seams, but can it ever hold 'zines!). The way it works out is that one of them is always being fixed, so we need the other three around. When Miriam goes to California, Louise will want to get her drivers' license. Stay tuned to this channel for further adventures!

#### CONVENTION REPORTS.

ClipperCon was fun....wild, hectic, and fun. I sold a LOT of tapes...and ran into a small communications difficulty with Jonathan Harris (not THAT Jonathan Harris, the guy who does my tapes). I sold all I had, and placed an order...and he left before I could firm up the deal. So, if there is anyone out there who bought a tape from me at ClipperCon, and paid me in advance for it, and didn't get it....let me know.

Filking at ClipperCon is, as always, in two parts: "Performance" and "Bardic". The Charity Auction was going on in the room next door to the Performance Filk, so we had people running back and forth, between bids. Greg Baker, Jean Ellenbacher and I sang together...he was supposed to be on the "Rogow and Co." tape, but he was tied up at his Radio Shack job that weekend...However, we did manage to sing a few of our Golden Oldies. Whales seemed to predominate the new filks, to no ones' surprise. "Whales, Where are you Tonight?" was one of them; Claire Maier did one to "Me and Julio Down By the Schoolyard"...and I sang the "Whaling Song" that I printed in the last APA-Filk. A Big highlight for me was Julia Eklar's set...

LunaCon was enlivened by fire drills. I understand BosKone was even worse. The 3:30 AM call at the Tarrytown Marriatt was bad enough. I'd just gotten to bed, was hovering on the edge of REM sleep when...WHOOP!WHOOP! WHOOP! Just like Red Alert on the Enterprise...right outside my door. I poked my nose out...no flames, no smoke...I decided if I didn't smell smoke, there was no fire, and went back to bed. Everyone else milled around in the hotel lobby until 4:30 AM...

I missed the Friday Night filking at LunaCon, because I was singing at choir, and I had a couple of solos. I spent most of LunaCon behind Devra Langsam's table, selling 'zines and tapes and things. Then I got into costume as "The Bag Lady of Gor" which has to be seen to be believed...and won "Most Humorous" in my division, which is now Craftsman. I've gotten into the Big Leagues now! This giddy success went to my head and gave me delusions of Bob Aspirin; I wound up taking over the filking on Saturday, to the point where I organized another round of "The Fannish Orchestra"... an undertaking of considerable chutzpah.! By the time we finished, it sounded pretty good, too! If anyone taped it, I'd like to hear what it sounded like....

BaltiCon is fresh in my memory...mostly because of the incident that led the filksing to become a Panel On How To Write A Filksong.

**The Incident:** A small mix-up in the room assignments led to a panel on Bad Writing marching into the room assigned to the filkers. The filkers, not to be removed, sang a loud and tuneless chorus of "Banned From Argo" at the Bad Writers, after which they precipitously fled. At which point the juices started flowing, and I began the following lyrics, which were typed up and printed and distributed to all who participated in the concoctions, which included (as far as I can remember): Roberta Rogow, Crystal Hagel, Anna Kueberth, Cheryl Lloyd, Harold Feld, Cathy Sands, Carol Clawser (who is now married and is something unpronouncably Armenian), and a whole bunch of people whose names I don't know....

#### A USE FOR BANNED FROM ARGO

They came into our filksing with their manuscripts in hand,  
They turned their chairs and faced us, prepared to make their stand;  
We grabbed guitars, de-tuned them, and looked them in the eye,  
Someone yelled, "Banned From Argo!" and everyone let fly!

And we sang them "...Argo", every one,  
We sang them "...Argo" and they took off for the door;  
We only sang one chorus, but we sang it at a roar,  
Now they won't crash our filksing any more.

A waiter poked his nose in, and wondered what was up,  
He jingled water pitchers, and some cans of Seven-Up;  
He said that we were crazy for doing what we did,  
So we sang "Banned From Argo" and the waiter ran and hid!

(Repeat first chorus)

The Tapers called for quiet as they fiddled with their knobs,  
The rest of us sat fuming, and called them "Techie snobs";  
We thought that we would hit them in the place that hurt the most,  
And so we shrieked out "...Argo" and blew them off the coast!

And we gave them "...Argo" everyone,  
Sang them "...Argo" and they took off at a run;  
We sang so loud the feedback blew their mikes off of the floor,  
They won't disrupt our filksing any more.

A pair of Amway salesmen heard the music from the room,  
They thought they'd found a party, but instead they met their doom;  
They asked, 'What are you doing? and What are those songs you play?'"  
So we sang "Banned From Argo", and they turned and ran away!

And we sang them "...Argo" every one,  
Sang them "...Argo" and they took off at a run;

We sang so loud the chandelier came crashing to the floor,  
Now they won't crash our filksing any more.

Our filks are fandom's finest, and our repertoire's our pride,  
And all we need's a room, guitars, and courtesy besides;  
We don't roam halls, pull fire alarms, or cause a lot of fuss,  
But we'll sing "Banned From Argo" if you try to mess with us!  
We'll sing you "...Argo" every one,  
Sing you "...Argo" and you'll take off at a run;  
We'll sing you every verse we know, and make up several more...  
You won't want "Banned From Argo" any more!"

Anything after that was an antiClimax...but I did get another little item in: a real, live book that I found in the Union Library called "A Computer Went a-Courting", which is a filk if I ever saw one! I had the book with me, so that people could see the illustrations... if you can find one, take a look at it. It's from Children's Press, it's by Carla Greene, and I don't know whether it's still in print, but it is DARLING!

Upcoming Cons: MediaWest, of course...and Robert Sacks has invited me to lead the filking circles at NY-Clone...Lord, putting me on a panel with Robert Aspirin may lead to traumas on both sides, but I'm intensely flattered at the company I'll be keeping...

And I'm going to WorldCon in Brighton, and I may have half a room, depending on whether or not Devra Langsam can get off in time to go. Anyone who needs a place to stay can contact me...it's not at the Metropole, but most of the hotels are in the same general area, according to the map...

#### ANSWERS TO OTHER PEOPLE

To John Boardman: Thanx for the history lesson! And they say that filk is frivolous! Little do the Mundanes know...also thanx for reprinting the Lightbulb Joke Filk. And as you can see..."Banned From Argo" gets a helluva workout, probably because it's been overworked. And there are some times when filksongs get Ose and Ose-r.

To Margaret Middleton: No, I don't know where Robin McKinley lives. Check with the LastCon people...if they're speaking to fans these days. They've lost their hotel, since someone at LastCon decided to go skinny-dipping in the hotel pool, in front of the Mundanes (or so they told me at LunaCon). I do know that Ms. McKinley is a very shy person, who does not do many personal appearances, which is one reason that I was so anxious to hear what she had to say.

To Mistie M. Joyce: OK, I won't room with her! I've been hearing so many Evil Roommate stories lately that I'm kinda glad that I stuck with the one I've had for nearly 25 years. He's a pain in the arse sometimes, but Murray is one of the few Mundane husbands of Fans that doesn't make a fuss over Fan-Ac. In fact, he's very proud of me, and trots out my Fannish activities when I haven't so much as given a Vulcan Salute...

To Charles Asbornsen: I enjoyed the meeting, too. And the reason people don't put chords into filksong books is to SAVE SPACE! When you put the chords in, you have to double-space, and sometimes triple-space. This means a lot fewer lines to the page, and a lot more pages to the book. When you are paying the printer for this by the sheet of paper...you get the point? Besides, some of these songs have been sung so often that you can chord them in your sleep. And some are so difficult that you couldn't play them if you HAD the chords!

WHY I AM NOT GOING TO MUSE-CON:

I KNOW I should go...I'm a filker, right? and I'm always grouching about how all the filk-cons are where I can't get to them? So WHY aren't I going to Muse-Con?

Crass, vile, hucksterism. There's a Creation Con in New York that same weekend, and since this is the year I have to declare a profit on Other Worlds Books (in order to claim deductions last year, next year, and the year after that), I don't get a tax refund. And if I want travelling money for MediaWest Con, then I'll have to make it at a Creation Con...and I won't make that kind of money at MuseCon. I'll be there in spirit...and Kathy Sands will have the Rec-Room Tapes, and a few of the song-books.

I've thought about this a lot...see, I just have to sort out my priorities. I like to filk, and I like to do costumes, but my main Fan-Ac is still fanzines and writing. So, when it comes to cons, I go where the writers are...or where I can talk about writing with new fans...

Which leads into this: A Fan Editor's News Notes

(to the tune of "One's On the Way", by Loretta Lynn)

Oh, "Asimov's SF" has now achieved its dozenth year,  
And "Analog" is going strong, that's very good to hear;  
And "Twilight Zone"'s expanding, so the horror fans can play....  
And in my garage the fanzines are waiting,  
Boxes and boxes are accumulating,  
One needs staples and one needs collating and...  
One's on the way!

I hear that Ballantine is trying to expand DelRey,  
And there's another editor in charge at Doubleday;  
And Pocket Books has bought more Star Trek manuscripts they say...  
And here in my living room, 'zines are a-stacking,  
Gathering dust and leaving us hacking,  
One needs sorting, and one needs packing and...  
One's on the way!

"Hi, Partner, what's the word? You say our credit line's been cut?  
And for a mere five thousand dollars you went out and bought a WHAT?...a Copier?  
All for us? And the paper, and the toner.....?????"

Oh, fanzine publication is supposed to be such fun,  
And when it overwhelms you you're supposed to cut and run;  
But after ten years of it, I guess I'll have to stay...  
Let the 'zines pile up till the floor-boards splinter,  
I'll sell all the summer and write all the winter,  
One's at the typist and one's at the printer and...  
One's on the way!

So much for now!

*Keep in tune -*

*Roberto Ragon*

~~SING&NIEB~~

34th Stanza, APA-Filk #34 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E. 18th St.  
#4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 718-336-3255 / April 23, 1987

"The only thing lower than a media fan is a filker." The funny thing is this was from a dealer. There was some decent filking at Boskone; I never did locate the filksings at Lunacon and Balticon, but at the latter I ran across the following. Cyberprep is one answer to the Cyberpunk movement, a peachy keen one.

THE CYBERPREP ANTHEM - (c) 1987 by Esther M. Friesner and Walter J. Stutzman

"To be sung throughout to the tune of 'National Embalming School' or begin with 'O Tannenbaum' and change melody as indicated."

Majestuoso e allegro, ma elegantissimo [Majestically and lively but elegantly]

Oh, space is vast as space can be--  
There really is a large amount--  
Yet as we sail the galaxy,  
We shall remember: Manners count.

And as we leave Old Earth behind,  
Her fields of green, her caps of ice,  
Still two things we shall bear in mind:  
Noblesse oblige; we shall be nice.

CHORUS ("Tantivvy" and/or "A-hunting  
We Will Go")  
No wires, no wires, no wires,  
For we're the Cyberpreps!  
No wires, no wires, no wires,  
For we're the Cyberpreps!

("Anvil Chorus", but very briskly)  
Here's to the Golden Rule  
And to the gold that rules us,  
'Gators at Zero G,  
The Ivy League that schools us.

(Resume original melody)  
Let those who dare us dullards call,  
Let those who rant and rave and pout,  
Remember we care not at all,  
For we are "in" but they are "out".

As through the void we sing our way,  
With G&P and canapo,  
We've taken man's next giant step,  
O Cyberprep, dear Cyberprep!

& ---- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #33 ---- &

COVER was dashed off at collation, inspired by John's & Roberta's zines.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Ah, the "Queen Alice" tune is "Bonnie Dundee". // Another perspective on, along with a chorus variation and 2 additional verses to "The Lightbulb Song" appears in Bob Linton's zine in APA-Filk #13; Bob pleads lack of beer. // ct Groat Dickson is getting around to the other spittin' Cultures. // ct Fold Not only do commercials get filked (Chiquita Banana, McDonalds) but some are filks (White Rock="Georgy Girl", L'eggs="Anything Goes", and one fabric softener did Allen Sherman's "Camp Cranaea", itself a filk of "Dance of the Hours"). // You recited "Da Battle of Trent'n" at FS; most amusin'. // To Greg Baker's "Little List" I'd add the White House person who allegedly pres-sured for a shuttle launch to coincide with Reagan's State of the Union Address.

ISOSCAN/Matthew Marcus: There's a con (or 2 or 3) somewhere every weekend.

TAKING NOTES/Mistie Joyce: Best to the Willets and congratulations on making it onto an Off-Centaur tape.

VERSE ADDER/Charlie Asbjornson: ct me> The tune of "Happy Family" (or Deutschland Uber Alles) is Haydn's Gott erhalte unsren Kaiser but I keep slipping into "Men of Harlech". If something scans to "Ode to Joy" it also fits "Clementine" and "Mack the Knife"; try "Happy Family" to those! // ct Boardman Remember that line is followed by "A thousand Norwegians deserted their legions, frightened by one Dane". // "Dirty Pro Rag" > Dickson's health has not permitted him to drink for a number of years and he deeply resents the legend that he is "a hopeless alcoholic". I'd suggest a substitute. // Why bring up Richard Segal here? All you do is confuse everyone here other than me. // Is that song ("It's Still Asimov for Me") in effect Asimov verses to "Old-Time Religion"?

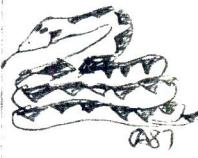
Finances preclude MuseCon; good luck, Kathy. And reminder: NYClone, July 17-19, with Asprin, Boardman, Rogow and [[b]]



CHARLIE ASBORNSEN  
2026 E 55<sup>th</sup> ST  
BROOKLYN, NY 11234  
(718) 377-6040

CALL AFTER 10 PM-4  
IF YOU ARE FEMALE  
AND CUTE.

# THE VERSE ADDER



## STRIKES AGAIN

# 3

OR: CHARLIE IS TOO DAMNED LAZY TO HOOK UP THE WORD PROCESSOR TONIGHT #1.

COMMENTS OF A TIRED TUTOR:

John - I GOT SOYLENT BLUE FROM A HOGU WINNER IN THE CATEGORY OF 'BEST MEDIA FOOD' OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. THE RUNNER UP WAS SMURF McNUGGETS, WHICH TELLS YOU WHAT FANS THE WORLD OVER THINK OF BLUE DWARFS. SACKS REPEATEDLY WINS THE 'MOST DESIRED GAFIATION' CATEGORY, WHICH GOES TO SHOW WHAT FANS THE WORLD OVER THINK ABOUT SACKS.

MATTHEW - IN FROGGER<sup>TM</sup>, THE CARS DON'T CHASE YOU. THE NAME OF THAT SONG IS 'NEVER SET THE CAT ON FIRE' BY FRANKE HAYES. UNLESS YOU ARE REFERRING TO ANOTHER SONG. IN WHICH CASE, I'LL PUT MY BEST FOOT IN MY MOUTH. INTERESTING PRINTER EFFECT.  
re. RONNIE - MAYBE THAT'S HOW HE KEEPS HIS HAIR SO DARK.

MARK - HAROLD FEED WAS PAINTED IN GREEN, DRESSED UP LIKE A FUGITIVE FROM A ROMAN BATH. DID YOU SEE SNL'S ALTERNATE ENDING TO 'IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE'? I THINK IT WAS ON THE SAME SHOW AS \* SHATNER'S OPERA TO TREKKIES WITH SPOCK EARS. ('GET ALIVE! HOW OLD ARE YOU? 30? HAVE YOU EVER KISSED A GIRL? MOVE OUT OF YOUR PARENT'S BASEMENT FOR GOD'S SAKE! IT WAS ONLY A STUPID T.V. SHOW I MADE ON A LARK TWENTY YEARS AGO!) THEY ALL GO TO POTTER'S HOUSE AFTER UNCLE WILLY REMEMBERS WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MONEY. IT WASN'T PRETTY.

ROBERTA - BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MY MOTHER WROTE A FILM TO 'GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES' TWO DAYS AFTER SEEING THE MOVIE. I THINK IT PREDATES YOURS BY A BIT, BUT I NEVER GOT PUBLISHED.

YOU ARE HERE



-2-

(JUST TO LET YOU KNOW  
WHERE YOU ARE)

MISTIE - GOOD TO SEE (OR AT LEAST READ) YOU. DOES THIS MEAN WE CAN EXPECT SOME MORE WEST-COAST STUFF? STRANGELY (AND BY, DO I MEAN STRANGELY!) ENOUGH, I RECENTLY OFFERED TO CARRY JOHN'S MATTRESS UPSTAIRS FOR HIM. MAYBE IT'S SOME SORT OF CONDITION. OR A FURNITURE FETISH. MOVING FURNITURE REFERS TO PLACING CHAIRS, POTTED PLANTS, OCCUPIED BEDS AND THE LIKE IN THE ELEVATORS OF UACIOUS HILTONS, HYATTS, ET. AL (WHO AL IS, I'LL NEVER TELL) JUST TO INCREASE ENTRAPMENT AND PROMOTE THE HEAT DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE. ONE THING HANI NEVER WORE OF THEIR OWN FREE WILL IS A COLLAR. NOR HAVE I EVER READ OF A DARK MANED HANI (THOUGH I SUPPOSE IT ISN'T UNREASONABLE), HANI WOULD NEVER EAT FURRY SQUEAKING THINGS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE ALIVE. NOW, THE KIF...

MARGRET - I LIKE BEING ENTHUSIASTIC. IT KEEPS PEOPLE FROM NOTICING MY DISTINCT LACK OF TALENT. KEEP THE EGO-BOO COMING. MY FENCING CAREER SEEMS TO BE GOING NOWHERE MIGHTY SLOW. I HAVEN'T EVEN PRACTICED IN 3 MONTHS, EXCEPT FOR OCCASIONAL LEO WORK, SO I'LL LOOK GOOD IN SHORTS.

DIEDRE - WHY WOULD A "BLACK AND WHITE-MEDIA" ZINE ADVERTISE USING RED FLYERS? GOOD LUCK. GOOD SEMI-PRO ZINES ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

IN THE CATEGORY OF NEW FICK IS MY LATEST ABOMINATION THAT YOU CAN SEE ON THE ~~NEXT~~ NEXT PAGE. I REALLY CAN'T PLAY THE GUITAR CHORDS FOR IT THE WAY THEY SHOULD BE PLAYED, AND ANYONE THAT CAN ALREADY KNOWS THEM, SO...

THE 59<sup>th</sup> STREET SIME SONG

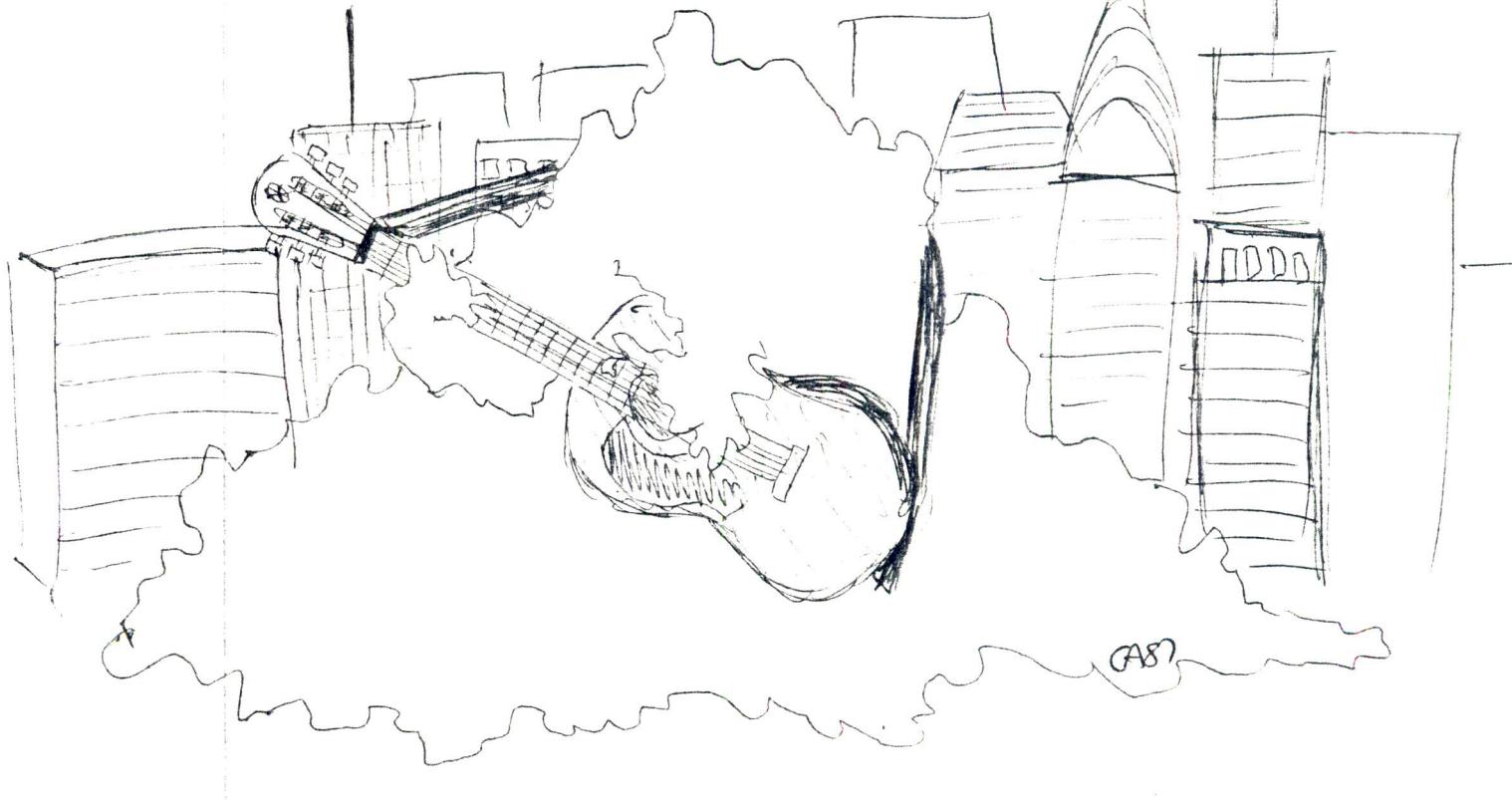
(FEELIN' OOZY) LYRICS & MUSIC ASBØRNSEN 1987

TO THE 59<sup>th</sup> STREET BLIND SONG BY SIMON + GARFUNKEL

SLOW DOWN, YOUR RUNNIN' TOO FAST,  
THERE'S NO ESCAPING ME. I'M VAST,  
JUST SLITHERIN' DOWN THE CABLE STONES,  
LOOKIN' FOR FOOD AND FEELIN' Oozy!

HELLO PEOPLE. WHAT 'CHA KNOWIN' ?  
YOU'VE COME TO SEE THE Blob THAT'S GROWIN' ?  
AIN'T 'CHA GONNA RUN FROM ME?  
DOOTIN' DOO DOO FEELIN' Oozy!

GOT NO FORM TO KILL, NO WAY TO BE BEAT,  
I'M LARGE AND I'M PURPLE AND READY TO EAT.  
LET MY TENTACLES DROP ALL THEIR ENZYMES ON YOU,  
FOOD, I LOVE YOU ALL IS Oozy!





## MUSECON 1 PROGRESS REPORT TWO

Musecon is a con dedicated to music, filking, dancing and costuming. It will be held the weekend of May 8-10, 1987. NOTE THIS IS THE CORRECT DATE, in Wilmington Delaware, at the Radisson Wilmington Hotel, 700 King Street, Wilmington, DE (302) 655-0400 (site of the annual Darkovercon). Rooms are \$58.00 a night, and can be obtained directly through the hotel, or by using a hotel card. Be sure to mention the convention to get the group rate.

There will be several tracks of programming, including: main programming, costuming related programming, dance programming, and filk/music related programming. Main programming will vary, but it will include performances by: Clam Chowder, Meg Davis, Julia Ecklar, Heather Rose Jones and Terpsichore Antiqua. Additionally, there will be a costume competition on Saturday, a Renaissance ball on Friday, a Regency ball on Saturday, and bardic circles. There is a huckster's room, but NO ART SHOW.

Dance programming will consist of the balls as well as dance instruction. Filk/music programming will consist of panels and workshops, as well as singing Sacred Harp around the pool. The programming is not totally finalized, but will include a harp panel, a panel on sea shanties, and more. Additionally, Heather Rose Jones will be conducting a songwriting workshop on Saturday morning. This workshop will be run similarly to a writer's workshop. It will last for three hours. Participants are asked to bring with them to the workshop 10 copies of a lyrics or a poem that is completed in at least first draft. Costume programming will consist of workshops and panels.

The Guest list is still not finalized, but will definitely include: Clam Chowder, Meg Davis, Julia Ecklar, Heather Rose Jones and Terpsichore Antiqua.

Memberships are \$22.50 in advance, and \$25.00 at the door. Make checks payable to Musecon, and send to: Judy Gerjuoy, c/o FBA, 1815 H Street, NW, Ste 408, Washington, DC 20006. You can reach Judy most weeknights at (202) 332-7501. No calls past 11:15PM please. If she is not home, leave a message, she WILL call back.

### Travel Information:

**Plane:** Go to Philadelphia International Airport. Downstairs, where you get your luggage, you can get an airport shuttle called Delaware Door to Door. It will take you to the Radisson for about \$15.00 per person each way.

**Train or Bus:** Take either to Wilmington. The Hotel is at 700 King Street. Walk or Cab; you can get exact directions from the hotel.

**Car:** Take your best route to I95. Get off at exit 7, Delaware avenue. From the North make a left hand turn onto Delaware Avenue, from the South, a right hand turn. Stay in the left hand side; the road will divide. Take Delaware Ave. about 4 blocks to King Street--go right(this is a one-way street, and the only way you can go). The hotel is 700 King Street on your right about three, four blocks. Parking is at a municipal lot at the hotel; for hotel guests it is about \$2.00 a night. If you are NOT a hotel guest, do not park on 2nd or 3rd level--they are locked for the weekend and they will charge you a fee to unlock them. The fee is waived for hotel guests, but it is probably a good idea to avoid those levels if you can.



# THORGAL

## Child of the Stars

ROSINSKI-VAN HAMME



Abandoned on stormy seas, the infant Thorgal is found and raised by Leif Haraldson as a child of Aegir, god of the oceans. Growing up among the Vikings, Thorgal senses something in himself that sets him apart from family and friends.

Eventually, the young Thorgal journeys into the forest, seeking the truth of his destiny. There he learns that, like Moses in his cradle, he has been sent to live among people who are not his own. He learns that he is truly a child of the stars.

Jean Van Hamme was born and still resides in Brussels. Trained as an engineer, with degrees in finance and economics, he discovered that he preferred storytelling to financial analysis. He has written adventure novels and

television scripts but is best known for his graphic novel work. He won the Prix Saint-Michel for best story in 1978 for *History Without Heroes* (illustrated by Dany) and in 1980 for the body of his work.

Grzegorz Rosinski was born in Poland and received a diploma from the Academy of Fine Arts of Warsaw. He began his career illustrating record album covers and educational books for children. He began freelancing in the graphic field while still in Poland. His 1976 meeting with Van Hamme was decisive, resulting in the creation of the saga of Thorgal Aegirsson. Rosinski won the Prix Saint-Michel in 1979 for illustration for this series. Rosinski now lives in Brussels with his wife and three children.

### STARBLAZE GRAPHICS THORGAL: CHILD OF THE STARS

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# THORGAL

**Child of the Stars**  
ROSINSKI-VAN HAMME

